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## HOW LEPELERS WERE TREATED IN OLDEN TIMES.

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THE disease of leprosy, and the terrible and lingering sufferings it entails upon its wretched victims, have lately been forced upon public attention by the story of the heroic life and death of Father Damien, the noble-hearted priest who devoted himself to a living martyrdom that he might bring spiritual consolation to the poor sufferers in the leper settlement in Molokai. Although it is well known that leprosy is prevalent in eastern lands at the present day, and people are familiar with the stories of Sacred Writ which show how common the dread disease was in by-gone times in Palestine and adjoining countries, yet few are aware that four or five hundred years ago it was a fearful scourge in this island home of ours. All over England there were to be found institutions, erected by the Church or by the aid of the benefactions of pious donors, for the segregation and relief of the afflicted. At one time nearly every town had a leper hospital or village in its vicinity, whilst many places were provided with more than one, as Norwich, which had six, or Lynn Regis with five. Professor Simpson tells us that in 1226 there were two thousand leper-houses in the then limited kingdom of France. In very early times this disease, which has truly been described as one of the most incurable and loathsome of human maladies, existed in Britain, and was the subject of some very severe and cruel laws. The state of filth in which our Norman forefathers lived was very conducive to the spread of the disease; and at the time of the Crusades there is no doubt it greatly increased owing to the intercourse which then took place with eastern lands. The disease was naturally very much dreaded, not only on account of the fearful character of the malady and the intense physical suffering it caused, but perhaps even still more because it resulted in ostracism from society and the breaking of all the bonds of kinship, which must have

been far worse. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, a leper was not allowed to hold property, was deemed incapable of making a will, and lost all the privileges of citizenship. He was hunted from the towns and driven from the dwellings of men; he was forbidden to drink from the running stream, lest he should defile it, and it was unlawful for him to touch things that were used for food by man. Anything was deemed good enough for the leper. Fish left putrid and unsold in the markets were thrown to him; and game and animals found dead in the woods were sent to the nearest leper hospital. He was scarcely treated so well as a dog; whilst the hawk that sat upon the fist of the baron or squire received far more attention. His was a terrible doom—a living death. 'Sick and heart-broken and alone,' he was doomed to isolation, or to keep company only with those who were afflicted like himself. When a man was accused of leprosy, he was examined by a doctor; and if found 'guilty,' all hope was gone, and he was compelled to bow to the terrible verdict of banishment from the society of his fellow-men, which the law pronounced necessary for the health of the community. He was taken to a church, where a fearful and gloomy service was read over him. Often the mass for the dead was used, and earth was thrown upon his feet, the priest reciting such sentences as 'Sis mortuus mundo, vivens autem Deo.' Ten terrible prohibitions were laid upon him; and after a blessing from the priest, the poor wretch went forth into solitude. Thus the grave closed almost literally over him.

Nor did the disease spare the great ones of the earth. Richard de Wallingford, the Abbot of one of the richest monasteries in the kingdom, the world-famed Abbey of St Albans, was a man of immense learning and great piety, and, for his time, possessed marvellous scientific knowledge, but, like Naaman of old, 'he was a leper.' His influence and wealth enabled him, though not without great trouble, to maintain his position as ruler of the Abbey until his death.

The Church of the early Middle Ages became

the champion of the poor leprous outcasts, and established in different centres hospitals for their reception. Near to the great Benedictine foundation of St Albans, two of these institutions were erected—one for men, dedicated to St Julian the Confessor, the patron saint of hospitals; and the other for women, to the Blessed Virgin, and called, from its situation among the meadows in the Ver Valley, St Mary de Pré.

The Hospital of St Julian has a particular interest for us, as there has fortunately been preserved a document in which are set out the rules laid down for the government of the leper community. From them one may obtain a very good idea of the mode of life in a foundation of this character in the fourteenth century. St Julian's was not a wealthy house. Compared with such large foundations as the great lazaret-house at Sherburne, in Durham, which had an endowment of £142, 0s. 4d., Burton Lazars, in Leicestershire, or Maiden Bradley, in Wiltshire, the income of the Hertfordshire hospital was small, and the pittance allowed to the brethren very humble. The inmates were permitted to provide themselves with extra comforts if their means allowed them; but if they were entirely dependent upon the charity of the foundation, and received only the scant rations the house furnished, they were infinitely better off than they otherwise would have been.

The Hospital was founded by Abbot Geoffrey de Gorham, who ruled at St Albans in the twelfth century. He was a man of great energy, and he appears to have made provision for the maintenance of the place by giving it a handsome endowment. Two popes and two kings were induced to specially interest themselves in the Hospital, Henry II. making it a perpetual grant of one penny a day from the royal treasury. In 1344, Abbot Michael de Mentmore made the special regulations for the government of the house which have been preserved for the information of nineteenth-century students. They show that the government was placed in the hands of a Master. There were always to be at least six lepers maintained; and in applications for admission, leprous monks of the monastery of St Albans were always to have preference, especially if they were natives of the town; but laymen were also eligible. If the applicant were a villain or serf, he had first of all to obtain his freedom.

The most strict regulations were enforced as to the dress of the lepers, a precaution justified by the terrible nature of their malady. They were to have a tunic, supertunic, and hood of russet, and curious and particular directions were given as to the shape and mode of fastening these garments. Out-of-doors, a black cloth cape was allowed to be worn, but it was to be closed after the manner of a mantle. It was probably much the same sort of thing as is worn at the present day in that least progressive of all European countries, Spain, where people are muffled up at night in a long black mantle, the folds of which are so arranged as almost to hide the face, leaving only the eyes visible. The lepers had besides this cape a cowl of the same colour and made of the same material. Their shoes were high cut, fastened round the leg with three or four knots, and under these they were allowed to wear stockings. They had to attend church every day, and

a list of the services at which they had to be present is to be found in the document. Most stringent were the regulations forbidding them to leave the Hospital, and ordering the gates to be kept closely shut. Strict injunctions are set upon them, enjoining them to dwell in unity and brotherly love. Says the Abbot: 'Since slander disturbs the minds of the peaceful, let not the leprous brethren presume to slander one another, either chaplains or lepers; let them not relax their tongues to a whisper, but mutually study to carry themselves with brotherly love, in true charity; an exhortation which might with advantage be studied by inmates of charitable institutions at the present day.

The provisions made for the sustenance of the lepers are curious and interesting. Their diet was not very varied. Each leper had seven loaves every week, five of white bread and two of brown, made from corn 'just as it had been threshed from the sheaf.' Every seventh month each man was given fourteen gallons of ale, or, if he preferred it, eightpence instead—beer was an inexpensive luxury in those days—fourteen gallons for eightpence. On certain feast-days the rations were increased, and Christmas Day was celebrated right merrily, for each had forty gallons of ale, or if he chose, forty pence, and two quarters of pure and fine corn. The sum of fourteen shillings was also divided between them on that day, to be spent in the purchase of mufflers. On St Martin's Day each one had a pig from the common herd. In order that there might be no quarrelling or unfair division, the pigs were driven into their presence, and each one, in order of seniority of admission, chose his animal; and if the supply of pigs gave out, or there were no pigs, an equivalent was given in money. On the 14th of February, each one received a substantial valentine in the shape of a quarter of oats; and during the winter, or in Lent, a bushel of peas and a similar quantity of beans for making pottage were served out. On the 24th of June each received two bushels of salt, or its current value. On the same day four shillings a head was paid to them for clothing; while St Alban's Day, St Julian's Day, and Easter Day were marked by the gift to each of one penny. On Ascension Day a sort of spring-cleaning evidently began, for they each received a halfpenny, 'for the taking away from themselves of dirt.' Shrove Tuesday, always a day of rejoicing in the Middle Ages, was probably celebrated by eating pancakes, for each man had given him measured flour of the weight of one of the white loaves. With these gifts the lepers were commanded to be content, the remainder of the property of the Hospital being devoted to the maintenance of the Master and the priest brethren. The latter appear to have been better clothed than the lepers, and in all respects better provided for; but they were as strictly confined within bounds and forbidden under penalty to mingle with the outside world. This interesting institution appears to have survived until the reign of Henry VIII., when it was suppressed with the parent monastery.

Hardly fifty years had elapsed after the death of Abbot Geoffrey de Gorham, founder of St Julian's Hospital, when a similar institution was built for the relief of women. The Hospital of St Mary de Pré was founded by Abbot Warren, in obedience to a divine command miraculously

conveyed to him, and the foundation was attended with the usual superhuman occurrences with which the students of monastic records are familiar. When the Hospital was erected, Abbot Warren caused certain leprous women to be shut up in it; but the number to be accommodated is not stated. Proper offices were erected for them, and a cloister was constructed, and they were directed to give themselves sedulously to prayer. A strict rule was enforced; no one was allowed to go out; and punishments were inflicted upon the refractory. So large were the Abbot's gifts to the new institution that the monks grumbled, and a bitter feeling arose between the Abbot and the convent.

In the course of time leprosy died out, and the Hospitals were devoted to other uses, that of St Mary de Pré becoming a simple nunnery. Enough, however, has been said to show how real and terrible an evil leprosy was to our forefathers in the Middle Ages.

## JOHN VALE'S GUARDIAN.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE more Snelling thought of it that night, the more definitely he saw how shamefully ill-used he was, and how distinct a right he had to be revenged. The morning's reflections brought with them a gnawing sense of shame, for he could not doubt that his conduct had seemed to justify his expulsion. That of course made things none the better for his adversary. It is no cure to hatred to find itself altogether in the wrong. It is easy for the man who has right on his side to be magnanimous. When the disputant has not a dialectic leg to stand on, it is only in human nature that he should lose his temper. Neither real love nor real hate stops to ask questions: each is its own supreme reason.

Snelling heaped up a store of hatred which he held in reserve against the innocent cause of his disgrace. If the thing could have been done with safety, he could have killed him, and that looked so far removed from likelihood that he gave himself the satisfaction of openly admitting as much to his own mind. If the means had lain ready to his hand, he would not have dared to contemplate them; but since they did not, and were never likely to come within his grasp, he allowed himself to covet them.

If it had not been for his ward, Jousserau could never have come into his life at all. And there—as if there had been a need of it—was another reason for his hatred of young John. From the hour since he had first taken charge of his nephew's fortunes, no good thing had befallen him. He had encountered nothing but libel, defeat, and shame. If it had but occurred to him to think that there was not an event in the whole history which was not clearly due to his own villainous first intention, the reflection might have been of service to him.

Amongst other petty annoyances came the difficulty of finding a new house for himself. The winter was a hard one, and unusually protracted, and for months it was impossible to begin the rebuilding of the old place, which lay in unsightly ashes. He was compelled to live on at the *Barfield Arms*, or to go into lodgings; and little as he

liked the former course, he preferred it to the other. He had a long-drawn dispute with the Insurance Company, and since he could produce no complete inventory of the goods lost in the fire, it was made clear to him that he would have to sit down with a considerable loss on that score.

He passed months in miserable anger, and developed a standing grudge against the world at large. John stayed with Isaiah Winter, and his guardian was contented to see but little of him. Of Jousserau he saw nothing whatever, and only heard that he had fitted up as a studio a large room in the upper story of Isaiah's house, and was working there in almost complete retirement. There was just one drop of sweetness in his cup: the Frenchman visited no more at Shorthouse's. The old farmer had made up his mind by this time as to Jousserau's intentions, and when he had talked of his suspicions to Cecilia, he had seen enough to make him believe that she was growing dangerously interested in the foreigner. He put his foot down, therefore, in John Bull fashion, and with no periphrasis forbade Jousserau the house.

Things were in this state when the spring came slowly up that way, and stayed in that position until the beginning of summer. Then two things happened which set Snelling's cup of bitterness fairly brimming over. In the first place, Proctor came with a beaming countenance to announce the discovery of precisely such another outcrop of coal as had been found on the land of Farmer Day. As in the former case, the coal lay against the great stone wall of the Fault, and was immediately workable at a startling profit. But it was on John's land, and not on Snelling's. It was, in point of fact, at the very limit of John's property, and his guardian owned nothing within two-thirds of a mile of it.

'The boy's in luck,' said the mining engineer. 'By the plot you've given me, he has five hundred and seventy acres, and I make no doubt there isn't a yard of it that won't pay—and pay well—for the getting.'

'Yes,' said Snelling darkly, 'the lad's in luck, as you say.'

How he hated him for it is beyond the power of words to express. Proctor went on to explain that the discovery was equal to the proof of coal on Snelling's own land. Passing beyond John's workings, where they were developed, he would be able to reach his own coal, and to work safely under the sand-drift which had impeded his first operations.

'He'll be rich before I shall,' said Snelling.

'Yes, sir,' returned Proctor, rubbing his hands, 'that's pretty true. In point of fact, Mr Snelling, the lad's rich already.'

This was the first phial of bitterness, and Snelling in tasting it made no wry faces, at least in public. It was Parson Heathcote who brought the second, and who held it so repeatedly to his lips that he could not forbear a sign or two. The summer weather had barely set in, and the bricklayers were at work raising new walls on the foundations of the old. Snelling naturally rode over from time to time to see how the work was progressing; and Master John, with a boy's native longing for danger, was naturally there on half-holidays to run about the bare rafters which already stretched over the cellars, and to climb

anything which looked particularly breakneck and inviting. Snelling rode there on a Wednesday afternoon, and found his nephew perched on a dangerous eminence at the south-west corner of the old house, where the wall had by some accident or series of accidents escaped the fire.

'You'll break your neck one of these days, Master John,' said the uncle in a tone of good-humoured remonstrance.

'I'm all right, uncle,' John responded. 'I've been up here a dozen times.—Haven't I, Patsy?'

'Faix, ye have, then,' one of the workmen responded; 'but not with my good-will, young gentleman.'

Snelling took no further notice of the boy, but calling the man in charge, sat in the saddle to listen to his account of progress. Whilst the two were talking, the vicar jogged up on a steed as comfortable and as highly polished as himself.

'Good-day, Snelling,' he said. 'Rebuilding the old place, I see. I was glad to hear you were insured.'

'They're pretty slow in paying,' Snelling growled. 'I can make nothing out of 'em as yet.'

'Oh, they'll pay you—they'll pay you!' said the vicar. 'Very just and liberal office.—Hillo! who's that perched up there!—Snelling, Snelling! that's dangerous. Do you see your nephew there?—Come down, you young rascal; come down at once. Upon my word, it makes me giddy to look at him.'

'It's all right, sir,' piped John. 'There's no danger. I've been up here lots of times.'

'Curious!' said the vicar, 'how the repetition of an offence appears to justify it to the boyish mind.—Take care there, sir!—The boy puts my heart in my mouth.—Really, Snelling, you should exercise more authority; you shouldn't allow him to peril his limbs in that way.'

'Ah!' returned Snelling angrily, 'there's one blows hot, and one blows cold. The whole countryside gets filled with lies about me because I want the lad to learn his lessons; and I suppose I'm up to some wickedness now because I let the young monkey have his way.'

At this instant, John, half-way down from his perilous height, missed his foothold, and fell, bringing a handful or two of loose rubble down with him. The vicar cried out in terror; but the lad was on his feet again in a second, laughing. 'No harm done, sir, unless I've spoiled my jacket. It's lucky, though,' he added, 'that I fell into the mortar, and not on to the stones.'

'Come here, sir,' said the vicar sternly; and John approaching, took hold of the reverend gentleman's stirrup leather and looked up at him with so fearless a good-humoured candour that wrath was more than half disarmed.

'If I were your uncle,' the vicar said, 'and had charge of you, I should follow an escapade of that sort by a smart application of the cane, Master John. You have shaken an elderly clergyman's nerves, and that is a thing, let me tell you, which, from the elderly clergyman's point of view, merits punishment.'

'Really, sir,' John urged, 'it's quite safe. I've been up lots of times.'

'His neck won't get broke that way,' said Snelling with a pretence of a rough *bonhomie* he was far from feeling.

The vicar shook his riding-whip at John, who smiled at him in the certainty that no harm was coming.

'The soundest whipping won't dust that jacket for an hour or two,' said the parson, smiling also in spite of himself.—'No more mischief now, do you hear?'

'I'll be careful, sir,' the boy answered, and so moved away.

The vicar moved his horse a foot or two nearer to Snelling's. 'By-the-by,' he said, 'this reminds me.—They tell me that coal has been found on your nephew's land. He will be a wealthy man one of these days.—You mustn't take offence at what I'm going to tell you, Snelling; you're much too sensible a man for that, I know. But even if it were otherwise, I should feel it my duty to speak.'

'Say on, sir, if you please.' It galled him to be told that John was going to be wealthy. The bitter avaricious grudge against the boy was always in his mind.

'You are John's guardian,' pursued the vicar, 'and it is your plain duty, and will of course be your pleasure, to breed him up in accordance with his prospects. Now, this is all very well if he were going to be farmer, miller, and maltster, like his father before him; but, as I gather, the boy will have so much money that the education he is receiving will be scarcely finished enough—scarcely fine enough—to meet the case. He has the local accent rather strongly, and here he can never get rid of it. You should send him to one of the public schools. Let him have a tutor for half a year, and then send him to Rugby.—Rugby's pretty close, you know, and he wouldn't be out of your sight there. Then in half-a-dozen years he might go to Oxford. You must really make a gentleman of the boy, and give him his chance in the world.'

'He's being bred,' said Snelling, 'as well as he's got any right to ask to be, better than his father was afore him, and better than I was. I don't want a young jackanapes from Oxford lording it over me. If he learns enough to manage his property when he comes into it, he'll have no right to grumble.'

'Believe me, Snelling, you're wrong. The whole district will think so. You have not merely the boy's best interests, but your own reputation to consider. By the time he comes of age, your nephew will be one of the wealthy men of the county, if all tales be true; and you must rear him in accordance with his expectations. Things have been said, you know, Snelling—I don't believe them, I never have believed them. If I had believed them, you may take it for granted that I shouldn't be sitting here and talking to you now. But the things have been said all the same, and you have your own reputation to consider.'

'Hold hard a minute,' said Snelling, in his heaviest tones. 'We'll have a look at that matter, if you please, sir, and we'd best go to the fountain-head.—John!' he cried, raising his voice, 'come here a bit, while I talk to you.'—John came, and his guardian turned upon the parson. '—There he is; ask him anything you like. If you'd prefer it so, I'll ride away.'

'My dear sir,' said the vicar, 'I don't wish to ask the boy any questions.'



'Very well, then,' said Snelling with a surly persistence, 'I do.—John, you've got nothing to hide; you can tell the truth without fear, favour, or affection. Have you got anything to complain of?'

'No, uncle,' the boy answered—'nothing.'

'You ran away from home the better part of two years ago, didn't you?'—John spread out his hands and made a little grimace, as if protesting against this raking up of bygones.—'What made you do that?'

'I should have got a thrashing if I hadn't,' said John, somewhat shyly.

'Who from?' his guardian demanded. 'Me?'

'No,' said John; 'Mr Macfarlane.'

'Now, answer me truly; did I ever lay a hand upon you in my life?'

'No,' the boy answered; 'never.'

'Sense you've come to know and understand, sense you've come back to live with me, have I ever spoke one unkind word to you?'

'No, uncle,' John said again; 'never.'—It was hardly accurate, but it was true enough in the main, and a happy boy's memory for reproof is short.

'Now,' resumed Snelling ponderously, bending over in the saddle and emphasising his question with his riding-whip, 'do I treat you harsh or do I treat you kind? Is there anything you've got to find fault with?'

'No, uncle.'

'Very well, then,' said his guardian, turning once more towards the vicar.—'You can put them questions to him by yourself, sir, if you like it better, and he'll answer 'em the same way.'

'You mistake me altogether,' the vicar answered.—'You can run away, John.—I never charged you in my own mind with unkindness to the boy; I only wanted to hint to you that people are watching your guardianship of him in some quarters a little jealously, and that you are expected to do your duty by him. You can only do that by giving him an education of a higher kind.—Don't you see, my good fellow, that the case demands it? The boy will be wealthy one of these days. Not merely well-to-do, but rich; a dozen times better off, perhaps, than his father ever fancied. He must have his chances.—Now, think over what I have said, like a good sensible fellow, as you are; and so, good-morning. I hope we are none the worse friends or neighbours for what I have said; but I had to discharge my conscience.—Think over it, Snelling; think over it, and you'll agree with me.'

Isaiah trundled up in the brake, behind the pair of steppers, as Snelling, with rather a bad grace, shook hands with the vicar. The clergyman saluted Isaiah with a cheery 'Good-morning, Winter,' and a motion of his whip, and then jogged away, as unconscious, good easy man, of having laid fuel to Snelling's murderous fires as ever man was in this mixed world of the result of his interference with another's business.

'Now, wheer do you think I've come from?' said Isaiah genially.

'I'll tell you when I've time to think about it,' Snelling answered, wheeling his horse round. But then, suddenly remembering that he had not too many friends in the world, and that

Isaiah, in spite of the fact that he housed his two enemies, was the one man on whom he could rely for kindly feeling, began to objugate the vicar.

'Don't mind me,' he said. 'That parson's put me out o' temper. He runs that eagle-beaked nose of hisn into everything.—You were going to tell me something, 'Zaiah; what is it?'

'Why,' said Isaiah, readily pacified, and accustomed from of old to his ancient employer's moods and tempers, 'I've been over to Brummagem to mek a bid for Tallymount Hall.'

'Tallymount?' repeated Snelling. 'What do you want with Tallymount? The place is in ruins.'

'It ain't so bad as you'd fancy,' said Isaiah. 'There's four rooms there as sound as nuts; there's three or four more as fifty pound 'ud put right for the next twenty year. As for the ruins, there's seventy or eighty of 'em; but they don't count. There's a stable in fair repair—you could do it up for a fiver—and there's a noble kitchen, just like it was left in old times, when the Tanants had got money in their pockets. There's six acres of the old park-land left, there's two acres o' garden, and a biggish pad-dock. If a bachelor has a fancy for living wild and lonesome, he can do it there as well as anywhere.'

'I reckon you're i' no danger o' being a bachelor again, Isaiah,' Snelling answered.

'No,' returned Isaiah, laughing. 'It ain't for me; it's for my lodger. Between you and me, gaffer, them painting chaps is the queerest kind o' cattle as lives. He's seen the place, and he's took a fancy to it, and he's wild about it. He says he could live and die and lay his bones there with pleasure. I told him only yes'day—"Here you are," I says, "in a house brand-new, furnished from top to bottom, with the mortar hardly dry on the walls," I says; "and everything brand-new from the roof to the kitchen poker; and here you be," I says, "mad to live in a tumble-down, old haunted place as nobody's looked at this thirty year." But he's fell in love with it, and there's no shaking him. He's got me to do the business for him; and I've as good as done it. I'm standing out on a matter of fifty pounds on a seven years' lease; but young Tanant wants the money; and I think he'll tek what I've offered. You might as well pour water into a sieve as money into that young man's pocket.'

'Isaiah,' said Snelling, with a smile of meaning, 'in matters of business I've always found you pretty close until now. If I meet you to-morrow, you and me will have a laugh about this.'

'As how?' said Isaiah.

'I'll tell you when we meet again,' Snelling answered. 'I'm a bit pressed by business for the moment. That meddling vicar has kept me here for a good half-hour.—Good-morning, Isaiah.'

Isaiah returned his salute, and sighting young John, bade him come home to change his clothes. Meantime, Snelling rode away. Here at least was a chance of placing a thorn in his adversary's side. If Jousserau wanted to live in a ruin, he should at least pay for that privilege. He would raise him by a hundred pounds or two, and if he lost the money entirely, he could afford to do it for the gratification of his hate.

A half-hour's ride helter-skelter along the

country road, and at a decorous jog-trot through the town, brought him to the land-agent's doors. Snelling knew the doors well, for his own bank stood opposite. He threw his reins to a street boy and dismounted.

'Tallymount Hall's to let; what's your price for it?'

The clerk he accosted looked up from his work, referred languidly to another clerk, and looked down again. The second clerk advanced, and leisurely turning over the leaves of a volume made up of printed scraps and manuscript entries, turned it round upon the counter voicelessly and stuck an uninterested finger on a page.

'Seven years' lease,' said Snelling. 'No repairing covenant. Three hundred and fifty pounds.—Give me a pen, young man, and draw up a receipt.'

He drew his own cheque-book from his pocket and filled in a leaf of it, standing there at the counter. 'Send somebody across the road with that,' he said gruffly, throwing down the leaf he tore from the cheque-book.

The clerk, staring a little at the heavy emphasis with which he spoke, took the cheque in to his employer, who, recognising the name of the signator, came out smiling. 'We are in treaty for this already, Mr Snelling.'

'My money's as good as another man's, I reckon,' said Snelling; 'and here it is.'

'Your money is quite good enough for me, Mr Snelling,' responded the man of business. 'You can have a receipt in the meantime, and the formal receipt can be ready to-morrow.'

'There's one spoke in the Frenchman's wheel!' said Snelling to himself as he waited. There was no trifle too small to soothe his hate; but he looked about in his own mind in vain for the draught that would quench it.

#### IN THE ALBANIAN MOUNTAINS.

I AM sitting on an old packing-case outside an Albanian cottage in the great mountains, looking down a long arid slope of stony plain to the distant hills across the lake. At my side a lithe, broad-shouldered mountaineer sits cross-legged upon a thick cloak spread upon the boards. It is a brilliantly hot afternoon in July, and the sun would be unbearable were it not for a row of poplar trees which shelters us from the heat without obscuring the view, and so I and my companion sit still in the shade and watch the thin blue rings of smoke from our cigarettes floating lazily upwards in the heavy air. We do not talk very much; but as the mountaineer is an intelligent man, and actually speaks Italian, I gain a good deal of information from him at first hand. He is a keen politician in his way, and has wonderful odds and ends of knowledge stowed away in his brain; but his little world is only the mountain and plain of North Albania, and his idea of Europe is entirely derived from what he sees of the Austrian Lloyd steamers at the port of Medua. As he discourses upon his fellow-countrymen, the Sultan, and the Great Powers—utterly bewildered by matters which are to a European the simplest things in the world—he seems to me like a man groping in the dark, straining his eyes to pierce the gloom that draws so impalpable and

yet so dense a veil between him and what he seeks. And somehow, on this dreamy afternoon, when mountain, plain, and lake sleep under the July sun, I find myself half slipping into his mode of thought; and as I lean back against the cottage wall and look with half-shut eyes at the blue haze quivering in the valley below, my life in England seems a thing of the remote past; I seem to have always lived in Albania, instead of only for a few years. Perhaps, after all, the Skipetar are right, and the European sovereigns are only chiefs of Frankish tribes, who take advantage of the quarrels among the Sultan's subjects to further their own petty aims. All other countries seem vague and unreal, and only the politics of the rocks and lowlands of Albania appear of any consequence.

Soon I am aroused from my dream. Of course my friend knows that I am an Inglese; that all the Inglese are very rich; and that, as they have no room in their own little country, they wander about the territories of the other Frankish tribes, much as his own clan of Skreli is forced by want of pasturage to migrate every year to the richer land by the coast near Medua; so, to increase his knowledge, he asks me, as delicately as possible, in order not to hurt my feelings by the comparison, whether London is as big as Scodra. I inform him that in my country there are a thousand towns bigger than Scodra, and that he might ride for three or four hours in a straight line through the bazaars and streets of London without getting out into the country. The struggle between incredulity and politeness is plainly shown on the mountaineer's face; and I see that I have lost greatly in his esteem by my assertion, and that he looks upon me—to put it plainly—as a liar. He knows from priests and other Franks that the Inglese have no country but London, a miserable place, where it rains all the year; and where no one would stop who was not forced, as is proved by all the Inglese who are free to move wandering into other Frankish lands, and even into the realms of the Sultan. Nothing will shake his opinion; it is hopeless to fight against this wall of colossal ignorance. We English are too given to thinking that all foreigners see us as we see ourselves; not as merely the inhabitants of two little islands in the northern sea, but as the masters of an empire that rings the circle of the world and floats its navies upon every sea. The more ignorant foreigners who draw their information from priests or demagogic newspapers look on England as a foggy island peopled by uncouth heretics, who are only tolerated because they fling gold broadcast in every direction. My Skreli friend has no doubt derived his geographical and historical knowledge from some French or Russian source, and therefore despises me as an untruthful braggart, though he is too polite and perhaps too politic to say so.

I have come up into the mountains for a few days to see village life and to get a breath of fresh air, for the lowlands and the city are stifling. Not a drop of rain has fallen for two months; the grass has become sand, and the plants are drooping in the gardens for want of water. The little village of Zagora, in which I purpose spending the next day or two, lies at the head of the long wedge-shaped piece of stony land, running up from the lake and shut in by bare and lofty

mountains, which constitutes the territory of the Skreli tribe. Down the centre of this valley, and at the bottom of a steep ravine, runs the river which waters the arable land. A narrow strip of ground on each bank is cultivated, forming a winding ribbon of dingy and sun-burnt green between the bordering expanses of white stones and parched rocks. But the tribe has its winter pasturage near Medua; and towards autumn the whole of Skreli, men, women, and children, with their flocks and their herds, their horses and their household goods, will desert their mountain home and file in long procession across the stony plain through the bazaar of Scodra, and so, by way of the Zadrina, to Medua. My companion, finding I cannot be trusted to tell him of my own country, changes the subject to himself and his belongings, which are for me more interesting topics than comparisons between London and Scodra. And so I learn that in summer-time he is a farmer in the mountains, and in winter a boatman at the wretched seaport of San Giovanni di Medua, where he has learned a fair amount of Italian while bringing passengers and their baggage to shore. In this fashion he manages to earn enough money to make him a little bit of a mountain dandy, and to enable him to carry better arms than the mountaineers of the neighbouring tribes who spend all the year round in their rocky homes. He informs me that he is very well known at the port, and gets plenty to do; and then, being in confidential mood, tells me about his family and his children, and that he has a blood-feud with one of the most powerful families of the neighbouring Hotti tribe, and so never goes out of the village alone, for fear he should be shot for the blood he owes his enemies. His sister, he explains, married a man of Hotti, and it was considered a splendid match, as that tribe is the most powerful in the great mountains, and takes the post of honour in time of war. About a year after the marriage, the husband repudiated his bride, and sent her home, giving no reason for the outrage, but merely saying he was not going to keep the woman any longer. Such an insult was not to be tolerated; so my host and his brother, seeing that there was no chance of obtaining for their sister the restitution of her rights, looked out for an opportunity of killing their brother-in-law.

'He was very cunning,' says my host reflectively, playing with his pistol; 'but I waited for him every day, and at last I caught him alone, and then I shot him for the slight he had dared to put on our family.'

'And so you owe them blood?'

He grins, and arranges his pistols in his leather *sila*. 'His father and brothers,' he replies, 'often come into our country to look for me, and wait for me outside the bazaar or on the road to Scodra; but I never go into the city without my brother and my relations; so they cannot exact the penalty without fighting a battle.'

'But surely that must be a great nuisance for you?'

He shrugs his shoulders: 'Some day they will catch me alone, as I caught him, and then they will shoot me if they can.'

'And your sister?'

'She is in the city.'

'Has she married again?'

'Married? Oh no! She begs: she has her child.'—Then seeing my look of astonishment, he adds: 'What is she to do? We cannot support her; she does not belong to us now; and the Hotti will not keep her. But I have avenged the insult; I have shot her husband.'

Truly, honour and dishonour are arbitrary words! My companion is, according to his own code, a man of strict honour. His sister has been repudiated by her husband without cause or reason; and he feels that he has done everything he can be expected to do when he has shot the erring husband and left the poor woman to escape starvation as best she may by begging in the streets of Scodra a bare subsistence for herself and child!

But the sun has been gradually sinking towards Mount Rumia, and once he is below the hills everything is dark. The women, with little kegs strapped on their shoulders, come out of the cottages and strike across the fields. 'They are going to draw water from the river,' explains my companion; 'shall we go to see them?' He carefully looks to his arms, and then we rise and, joining two or three other men, stroll through the maize and tobacco fields, between the wait-a-bit thorn hedges, to the ravine. During the violent rains of autumn and winter, the Prolitar, as the river is called, dashes a foaming torrent along its rocky bed; but at the end of the summer it has become like most mountain streams, a quiet little river, half lost among the pebbles it flows over. In Indian file we descend the narrow path that winds through the brushwood edging the steep sides of the ravine, and I should feel put to shame by the activity and sure-footedness of the young girls, were it not that I know they would make a much worse scramble of it than I do had they boots on their feet instead of raw-hide sandals. Soon we get to the bottom, and then we seem to be in an amphitheatre, for, owing to the abrupt turns and winds of the river, we are shut in on all sides by almost perpendicular walls of rock. The floor of the ravine is covered with sand and pebbles, and down the centre trickles the dwindling stream, across which we easily jump. The narrow space is crowded with the inhabitants of all the Skreli villages, whose only water-supply in summer is drawn from the curious well in this part of the river's bed. The men lounge about conversing in groups, and every now and then a marksman fires his pistol at a stone or bush on the side of the cliff with a bang that startles the echoes from crag to crag, and makes one fancy, from the violence of the concussion, that a hundred-ton gun at least has been discharged.

Under an overhanging rock, a quaint parapet and basin have been carved out of the living stone, and round them the maids and matrons are gathered in picturesque groups, laughing and chattering. It is the mouth of a well that sinks deep down beneath the bed of the river, and is never dry in summer. When the rains come and send the torrent from the mountains, the well and its curious basin are covered deeply by the tossing waters; but when the hot weather returns and the river runs nearly dry, the well is uncovered again, and, as to-day, the buckets and long ropes are eagerly competed for by the crowd of women, who fill their little wooden

kegs every day just before sunset. Only one man comes down to draw water, an old white-headed man, bent now and infirm, but who has evidently been a magnificent broad-shouldered giant of over six feet in height. I ask why he is drawing water for himself. 'Oh!' is the reply, 'he has no women or relations; he lives by himself; besides, he is quite crazy.' Poor old man! he is the last of his family; his wife and daughters are dead; and his sons have succumbed to steel, bullet, or fever, leaving him alone in his old age. The border wars, blood-feuds, and malaria of the lowlands, that have taken away his brothers and sons, have passed him by, and left him an infirm veteran, no longer a great warrior, but a useless survival of the past. He speaks to no one, but having filled his keg, shoulders it, and toils slowly and alone up the steep path.

The shadows deepen among the cliffs; the last woman has filled her barrel and staggered panting up the rocky ascent; and so we return home too, my Malisor friend keeping his hand on his pistols and glancing suspiciously at every bush, for perhaps some Hotti avenger is lurking in the deep shadows and even now levelling a pistol or rifle. Luckily, there is no enemy near, and we reach the village in safety, or rather the row of six tiny houses which is the principal part of the hamlet. Most mountain cottages are built detached from one another, and consist simply of a single room on the bare ground, with perhaps a small apartment screened off for the mistress of the house; but here are half-a-dozen cottages built all in a row like modern villas, and only inhabited on the first floor, after the fashion of the houses in Scodra. Each house in the row has its ladder leading up to its first floor, and its little balcony with the living-room opening out of it. In no other mountain village have I seen this arrangement, which is evidently an innovation on the received architecture of the Malisori, and is no doubt to be ascribed to the tribe's yearly residence on the sea-coast.

The usual mountaineer's supper is soon prepared—roast mutton and cakes drenched in honey, and then, after coffee and more cigarettes, I think of going to rest, for it has been a long day since I roused my little household in Scodra at about two hours after midnight, before the sun had begun to rise. I have no fancy for sharing the stuffy little inner room with the grandmother, the mother, the wife, and the children of my host, not to mention other less visible occupants, nor a plank bed on the balcony with a couple of mountaineers; and that is why I brought the little tent that gleams white in the moonlight through the shrubs among which it is pitched. My hostess and her sister cut me plenty of soft fern in the afternoon and spread it on the floor of my tent; and so, after wishing my Albanian friends 'Good-night,' I retire to my own lodgings. As I stumble through the thicket by the imperfect light, my footsteps rouse the watchdogs, which strain fiercely at their chains and make the valley ring with their savage barking. From the distance comes an answering chorus of yelps, marking the position of neighbouring villages in the darkness of the night. The moon, already low down in the sky, casts long shadows across the land, and almost obscures the glitter of the stars, and dims the brilliance of the comet that

is blazing away across the heavens above the row of tall poplar trees outside the village. Creeping head first into my narrow tent, I wrap myself in a rug, stretching full length upon the fern, the softest couch a man can have; and soon the baying of the watchdogs weaves itself, an indistinct bass, into the current of my dreams.

## MRS LAMSHED'S WILL.

### CHAPTER III.

MR DOTTLESON, who had just come back from the City, walked away to the park, and sought a secluded bench, whereon he seated himself, and drew out the letter he had taken possession of. What did his mother-in-law want with this young doctor now? And why did she send her letters by hand, instead of putting them in the postbag? He had a right to know what it meant, and he intended to find out. The envelope was carelessly gunned and came open without difficulty. He unfolded the enclosure, and bit his lips with chagrin as he read it:

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Come and meet Sir Alfred Blodget here in consultation at noon to-morrow; he is coming to see me.—Yours sincerely,  
MARIA LAMSHED.

Mr Dottleleson stared at it, and a few emphatic words escaped him. What *could* his mother-in-law be thinking of? To ask a young man who was little more than a medical student to come and 'consult' with the very first authority of the day! It was ridiculous; it made a farce of Sir Alfred's visit. What an outrageous thing it was for the woman to do!

'Of course, it can't be allowed,' he said to himself; 'and I'll just take the responsibility of posting this letter—in time to be too late for him to keep the appointment.'

He replaced it in his pocket, and returned home, deeply vexed at what he looked upon as a mean attempt to take advantage of his generosity. His thoughts flew back to the conversation he had had with Mrs Lamshed the day before; how he had urged his dutiful anxiety for her health as the reason for calling in Sir Alfred Blodget; and then, in spite of himself, he recalled how he had carefully arranged this to supplant Dr Lakeworth; and now, instead of doing anything in that direction, his scheme was made use of to benefit the man. Oh, it was very disheartening, and enough to aggravate any one. No wonder that Mr Dottleleson entered his house in a frame of mind which caused Kate to avoid him, and made the servants quake in their shoes as they waited upon him at dinner. Everything had gone wrong, as things have a way of doing when our little tempers get the better of us: the soup was smoked, the fish done to rags, and the joint as tough as leather. Kate, who was skilled in reading the paternal barometer, took little time to discover that the hand was set at 'Stormy,' and knew better than to deliver herself of her grandmother's message, asking if Mr Dottleleson was quite sure he had left the note for Charles Lakeworth at the right house; indeed, she had a faint suspicion that the said note might have caused the present disturbance in the domestic atmosphere, and judiciously abstained from referring to it. So her father,



shielded by his smouldering passion, was allowed to keep it in his breast-pocket undisturbed, and the untruth he had ready remained unspoken.

He started for the City earlier than usual next morning; he wanted to evade being questioned about the letter until he had despatched it, but he was careful not to commit it to the post until nearly eleven o'clock. Then he felt easier; he had foiled the first attempt to make capital out of his liberality, and had gained time to remonstrate mildly with Mrs Lamshed upon the absurdity of her ideas. It occurred to him more than once during the day that detaining the letter was not quite the best way of beginning operations; but if that cropped up, as it was tolerably sure to do, he must plead failure of memory or make some excuse of that kind. He walked home to Blake-wood Square that afternoon, wondering much what the result of his manœuvre had been, and warning himself that he must be prepared for an outburst of wrath heretofore unheard of on the part of his mother-in-law. The nearer home he came, the more awkward he felt his own attitude in the matter to be, and had he found it necessary to confront Mrs Lamshed at once, he would have made out a poor case for himself.

It chanced, however, that she was indulging in her customary afternoon siesta when he came in, and he was fully posted by his daughter in the events of the day before the old lady awoke. It seemed that punctually at twelve o'clock Sir Alfred Blodget had called; but there was no Dr Lakeworth to meet him. At Mrs Lamshed's earnest request, he had consented to waste five minutes of his valuable time in waiting to be introduced to 'her doctor.' At a quarter past twelve, just as Kate entered the room, he drew out his watch and rose to go; she dashed recklessly into the breach and succeeded in detaining him until nearly twenty-five minutes past the hour, but still no Charles Lakeworth appeared. Then the great physician had looked annoyed, and picked up his hat, making caustic remarks about the independent manners adopted by struggling practitioners. When Mr Dottleson heard this, he felt that he had at all events sown the seeds of a good misunderstanding between Sir Alfred and Dr Lakeworth, and that his task with Mrs Lamshed would be easier; but he had not heard all that Kate had to tell him. Three o'clock brought Charles Lakeworth to the house in a flutter of disappointment; he had with him the note which had been written yesterday, but which the City post-mark proved to have been despatched to-day. Grandmamma had been exceedingly angry, and told Dr Lakeworth that she would sift the matter to the bottom as soon as Mr Dottleson came home, and further promised to make another opportunity of introducing him to Sir Alfred Blodget.

Mr Dottleson did not feel quite so well after hearing that; but as he received a summons from his mother-in-law almost immediately after Kate had finished her story, he had no time to prepare a brief for his defence.

Mrs Lamshed was lying amongst her pillows panting for the fray; she waved her son-in-law to a seat at the bedside and attacked him at once. 'It was a great pity you forgot that note, after taking it from Sarah, Montague; the contents were most important—most important.'

'So Kate has been telling me,' said Mr Dottleson; 'and so I imagined from the fact of your sending it by hand.'

'It was worth anything to Charley Lakeworth to meet Sir Alfred professionally. Considering how the boy stands towards Kate, you ought to regret having deprived him of the chance he had to-day.'

Mr Dottleson was very far from regretting it, but did not think it advisable to say so; on the contrary, he hastened to expound his own views. 'You could not have weighed the matter with your usual good sense, when you asked that young fellow, who is scarcely more than a student, to meet such a man as Sir Alfred in consultation. Sir Alfred would, I am sure, have felt grossly insulted had he seen the person you wanted to introduce to him in such a manner.'

It was an unhappily worded sentence; the back-handed allusion to her 'good sense,' the suggestion that Sir Alfred would have been grossly insulted through her instrumentality, and finally the careless reference to the 'person,' stung the old lady to the quick. She turned upon him sharply and spoke with rising temper.

'You're jealously careful of Sir Alfred's sensibilities, Montague. You don't see the advantage of extending a helping hand to a deserving man who wants it, do you?'

'I have no wish whatever to impede his progress'—

'Or to help it either, no doubt; you seem to forget that he's engaged to Kate.'

'He isn't engaged to Kate, and won't be, till he can satisfy my requirements.' Mr Dottleson was a passionate man, and was letting his feelings get the mastery of him. It irritated him sorely to be taken to task like this by Mrs Lamshed, and he lost sight of his own interests in the anger of the moment. Mrs Lamshed paused for a few seconds, and then produced the card she always had in her sleeve when she wanted to crush her son-in-law; but this time it failed utterly. 'Must I remind you again that there's still plenty of time for me to alter my will, Montague?'

'I have no control over your intentions, madam; you are quite aware that my daughter Kate is dependent upon me, and will ultimately inherit all I possess.'

It was a very gentle hint that if he were cut out of her will in favour of Dr Lakeworth, Kate would be the real sufferer; but it had its effect upon Mrs Lamshed.

'I don't think Kate would lose much. Those two will be faithful to each other, however long you may keep them apart, in your greed.'

'I will never raise a finger to thwart Kate's happiness if she marries a man of whom I can approve.'

'Then you don't approve of Charles Lakeworth?'

'No, Mrs Lamshed; I do not. As things stand now, I most emphatically disapprove of him; and there's an end of it.'

There was a dead silence for five minutes, until Mrs Lamshed spoke again, calmly and quietly: 'Please ring the bell, Montague.'

He did so without a word, and stepped back to his place by the bedside, where he stood facing his mother-in-law. Mrs Lamshed neither moved nor spoke till her maid appeared and asked for

her commands. Then she collected herself as if for a spring, and sat bolt upright with her white hair falling upon her shoulders, whilst she pointed with her thin trembling finger to the door. Her sunken eyes flashed with suppressed excitement as she spoke the words which Montague Dottleson remembered till the very last day of his life. 'Send for Smuggles's partner,' said Mrs Lamshed.

Although the order was ostensibly addressed to the maid, Mr Dottleson knew that it was in reality given to himself. He offered no protest; perhaps he recognised that it would be useless; he pulled out his watch and glanced at it before he answered, which he did in tones whose coolness surprised himself and were evidently not pleasing to Mrs Lamshed. 'It's now half-past six, and the office will be shut.—Do you know the gentleman's name and his private residence?'

His mother-in-law glowered angrily at him for a few seconds before she replied: 'No, I don't. I want Smuggles's partner.'

Mr Dottleson bowed, and quitted the room: he was in no hurry to discover the nameless individual who was to assist in altering the will. 'I'll wait until to-morrow,' he thought as he went to his own chamber; 'she may have changed her mind by the morning.'

But morning came, and Mrs Lamshed was as firm in her purpose as she had been the evening before. Her son-in-law went to her room to make inquiries about her health before he set out for the City, and was startled at the change for the worse which had taken place during the night. Her breathing was heavy and laboured, and there was a listless apathy in her manner which contrasted painfully with her wonted brightness. She seemed indisposed to speak to any one; but when he referred to her demand for 'Smuggles's partner,' she roused herself with an effort. 'It's Starbone and Smuggles—Lincoln's Inn—ask for—his partner.'

'Are you well enough to attend to business to-day?' asked Mr Dottleson anxiously.

'Yes,' said Mrs Lamshed. 'Send him to me now—at once.'

He said nothing more; but as his gaze rested on the form of the old lady, who seemed to be drawing near her end, a dark thought crossed his mind. She could not last very long; she was breaking up rapidly; a few days, in all likelihood, would see the last; he could forget her commission to-day, and perhaps—

'Don't forget to call at Starbone and Smuggles's office, Montague; I shall expect the solicitor here at twelve o'clock.' She spoke more fluently than she had done before, and seemed to hint pointedly at his singular forgetfulness in that matter of the note to Dr Lakeworth. He turned red under her searching eyes, and hastily dismissing his half-formed design, promised to attend to her wishes without fail. After all, it would answer no good purpose to neglect them; she could easily send another messenger, if she distrusted him; and he felt that he had little claim to her confidence. She would put the true interpretation on his remissness, and visit it all the more severely upon him. No; he must close his eyes to the nature of his errand, and execute it with that honesty whose mother is necessity and whose child is self-interest.

He had no difficulty in finding Messrs Starbone and Smuggles's office, where he was received by the surviving partner, a gaunt melancholy man, who dwelt in a little back room lined with battered tin deed-boxes.

'Mrs Lamshed?' said the gaunt man wearily.—'Lamshed?'—Ah, yes; I remember: 10 Potfield Gardens, isn't it?'

'That was Mrs Lamshed's address at one time,' said Mr Dottleson. 'My mother-in-law now resides with me, at No. 21 Blakewood Square. She is particularly anxious to see you as soon as possible. Could you conveniently call upon her at about mid-day?'

The melancholy solicitor chewed the stump of a very old quill pen thoughtfully, and referred to a memorandum slab on the table. 'To-day is Wednesday. I will attend Mrs Lamshed at noon,' he said in a funeral voice.—'Will you be good enough to say that I—Mr Reginald Slimp—will be in attendance at noon?'

Mr Dottleson shook hands with him and withdrew. He intended to telegraph down to let his mother-in-law know that he had lost no time in carrying out her directions; it would look disinterested and might have a softening effect. Accordingly, he wired, telling Mrs Lamshed that she might expect Mr Reginald Slimp to be with her at the hour appointed. 'I may wash my hands of it now, I suppose,' he said as he affixed the telegraph stamp. 'I may sit down and wait for the earthquake.'

That was a long-remembered day at 21 Blakewood Square. Mr Slimp arrived at twelve o'clock, armed with a formidable parchment envelope, which he carried in his hat up to Mrs Lamshed's room. The old lady dismissed her maid with instructions not to return and to prevent others disturbing her until she heard the bell, as she was going to be busy with the visitor. Charles Lakeworth called, and, for the first time during his acquaintance, was told that his patient was engaged, and could not see him.—Was Miss Dottleson engaged? No. Then he would see her; and was taken up-stairs forthwith.

'Is anything wrong, Kate?' he asked as he took her hands. 'Why won't Mrs Lamshed see me?'

'Hush!' said Kate (the old lady's apartment was next to the drawing-room). 'There was a quarrel of some kind last night, and grandmamma sent for her lawyer. I suspect it's about her will. He is with her now; they've been shut up alone together for nearly an hour.'

The bell rang sharply at that moment; and a message was sent to the butler to go to Mrs Lamshed at once. He was not detained very long; he was only called upon to sign his name, after seeing the old lady inscribe hers at the bottom of a document; and a few minutes after he left the room with the maid Sarah, who also acted as a witness. Mr Slimp with his papers followed, looking, if possible, more melancholy than ever. His aspect gave an increased air of solemnity to the occasion, and impressed the under-housemaid who let him out with the conviction that something very deep and mysterious indeed had taken place up-stairs.

Sir Alfred Blodget paid his visit soon after the solicitor had gone, and found the invalid with her grand-daughter and the young doctor for whom he had been kept waiting the day before.

'Explain,' said Mrs Lamshed to Kate, nodding at Charles Lakeworth and then at Sir Alfred. Nothing loth, Kate informed the latter how the miscarriage of a note had caused the mistake of the previous day, and introduced Dr Lakeworth as the physician who had taken care of her grandparent for the past twelve months. Sir Alfred was extremely gracious; but Miss Dottleson was a little disappointed to find that he did not at once retire to the window with Charles and earnestly discuss the case in low tones, which was her preconceived idea of a 'consultation.' On the contrary, he only patted Mrs Lamshed's hand kindly and told her to stay where she was for a day or two; said so quite independently, without even asking the younger doctor if he didn't agree with him. It was not much of a consultation, reflected poor Kate, when the great man went out followed by the small one; and she told Mrs Lamshed her opinion of Sir Alfred, which was quite at variance with that usually entertained about him.

'You are intimate with the family, I understand?' he said to Charles Lakeworth as he drew on his gloves in the hall.

'Yes; I have known them well for some time.'

'Well, you may mention to Mr Dottleson that I can do nothing more than you can, and shall not look in again.—Very old woman. Course of nature. I shall be surprised if she sees the light of Sunday.—Good-day; very pleased to have met you.'

The brougham rolled away with Sir Alfred, and Charles Lakeworth returned to Mrs Lamshed's room. He had known before that she was seriously ill, but did not possess the experience which told the older man that her lease of life had so nearly expired. He was charged with the duty of telling Mr Dottleson that the case had been left in his hands as hopeless, and he would have to break the news to Kate also, a task he cared for even less. He would not tell her yet, he decided; she had no idea of Mrs Lamshed's real condition, and it would only prolong her grief to reveal it sooner than was actually necessary. Mr Dottleson must be told, of course, and he waited until that gentleman came home, in order to see him.

'You arrived here soon after noon, you say, Mr Lakeworth,' said Mr Dottleson, when he had been told Sir Alfred's opinion. 'Did you see Mrs Lamshed at once?'

'She was engaged when I came, and I did not see her until her visitor had gone.'

'Mrs Lamshed seemed to me to be a little strange in her manner last night and this morning; do you think her faculties are perfectly clear?'

'Perfectly clear. She is very weak, and is growing weaker almost every hour; but her mind is quite sound.'

Mr Dottleson had conceived the idea that his mother-in-law might if necessary be proved mentally incapable of making a new will, and did not intend to give up the notion yet. He would send a line to Sir Alfred Blodget about it; Dr Lakeworth's opinion was hardly worth having, and might, moreover, be prejudiced. He lost no time in writing to the doctor, and waited until late that evening in keen anxiety for his reply; it

would be a great triumph if he succeeded in getting this codicil legally set aside, for he had firmly persuaded himself that it was in Charles Lakeworth's favour. Whatever its provisions might be, he would be acquainted with them in a few days—by Sunday or Monday, at the latest. It was hard that, after all these years, a slight blunder should throw out his calculations when the end was almost in sight; it was very hard. Still, there was a shred of hope left. If such an authority as Sir Alfred Blodget could certify that he had seen Mrs Lamshed half an hour after she had altered her will, and that she was then incapable of understanding what she had done, he was safe. He could snap his fingers at Dr Lakeworth and kick him out of the house.—Here was the answer from Sir Alfred at last. He snatched the letter from the servant and tore it open in nervous haste:

Sir Alfred Blodget presents his compliments to Mr Dottleson, and has pleasure in assuring him that Mrs Lamshed was perfectly capable of transacting any business such as he refers to at the time he visited her to-day.

Foiled! He crushed the paper into a shapeless lump and threw it into the waste-paper basket. Whatever the old harridan had done, it was done, and would hold good. He swallowed his passion, and went up to see his daughter.

## LIQUID IN CRYSTALS.

Like the famed drop in crystal found,  
Floating while all was frozen around.

FROM these lines of Moore we learn that liquid inclusions in crystals, which have proved such an instructive and fascinating study for modern geologists, were at least noticed in comparatively early times. For not only does the poet mention the famous drop, but tells us also in a note that he alludes to a certain curious gem upon which Claudian wrote some very elaborate epigrams. This same gem was a piece of crystal, *glacies*, by which we may probably understand crystallised quartz, enclosing within it a drop of liquid. It seems to have exercised a wondrous fascination over the mind of the Roman poet: he has left us no fewer than nine epigrams upon it, seven in Latin, and two in Greek. His poetic fancies, and speculations as to the origin of the curiosities, are full of interest and beauty. Like modern investigators, he considers the liquid as bearing witness to the origin of the crystal: 'Possedit glacies nature signa prioris' (The crystal retains marks of its former state). Moore further cites Addison, who had seen a curiosity of the same kind at Milan, and again at Vendôme, in France. And, whether the men of science of those days attempted to account for the phenomenon in accordance with the knowledge they then possessed, or not, the popular mind accepted an explanation embodied in a beautiful legend. It is Addison who relates that at Vendôme it was believed that the liquid drop was a tear shed by our Saviour over Lazarus. An angel gathered

it up, and placing it in a crystal vial, presented it to Mary Magdalene.

The ground thus formerly occupied by the poet and weaver of legends is to-day eagerly explored by the geologist: the study of liquid and other inclusions in crystals is an important branch of his science. Such liquid drops as those above alluded to were relatively of large size, and rare. Claudian's gem is esteemed *raras inter opes*; but those of the geologist are mostly microscopic and exceedingly abundant. Their size varies from one ten-thousandth of an inch up to a few large enough to be seen by the naked eye. That method of petrographical research, first practised by Mr Henry Sorby, which consists in grinding down a slice of rock until thin enough to be viewed under the microscope, has revealed the fact that the crystals of igneous rocks contain innumerable cavities of varied form and contents.

The first rock section thus ground down for the microscope marks an important epoch in the annals of geology; it has opened a door by which numerous investigators have entered to explore new realms of knowledge. It deserves, then, the honour paid to it; and, shrouded in morocco case in its owner's pocket, may be said to enjoy a dignified retirement. Microscopic sections are now prepared in great numbers and with much accuracy, especially in Germany, where the taste for minute work of all kinds is more powerfully developed than in England. In some crystals as many as from 1,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 cavities are found to exist per cubic inch. By their investigation much light has been thrown on the origin of the rocks in which they occur; while the fascinating veil of mystery still hanging over certain points invites further study. At first, the cavities studied by philosophers were the larger ones visible to the naked eye, and more akin to the imprisoned liquid of the poet than to the minute inclusions of the geologist of to-day. Such were those described by Sir H. Davy in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society for 1822, from which memoir we may date the modern scientific study of liquid inclusions in crystals.

More recently, the subject has been taken up by that diligent experimenter and writer of memoirs, Mr Henry Sorby, who has applied to it his method of grinding down rock-sections for the microscope. In 1857 he read a paper before the Geological Society of London in which he endeavoured to show 'that artificial and natural crystalline substances possess sufficiently characteristic structures to point out whether they were deposited from solution in water or crystallised from a mass in the state of igneous fusion; and also that in some cases an approximation may be made to the rate at, and the temperature and pressure under which they were formed.'

The interpretation of these *nature signa prioris* retained by the crystals involves vast labour and knowledge; the experiments, by reason of the minuteness of the cavities, require excessively delicate manipulation; the necessary calculations are intricate. The results obtained are of great interest and importance; while a careful study of Mr Sorby's paper (*Journal of the Geological Society*, vol. xiv.) shows us further the amount of labour expended in producing a scientific memoir of value.

The cavities occur in igneous rocks—granites, basalts, and lavas—and are of great variety as to their form and contents. Some are entirely filled with liquid; but the majority contain a movable bubble like that of a spirit-level. Others, besides the bubble, contain minute crystals of various substances. Some, again, have two distinct liquids and a bubble. The most interesting and puzzling of these bubbles are those which seem to be endowed with spontaneous motion.

Claudian's liquid inclusion must have had a movable bubble, for he says of it: '*Varias itque reditque vias*' (By various ways it comes and goes). They are found mostly, however, in the smaller cavities, and may be observed traversing their prison-houses from end to end in tortuous courses, as though trying to escape; 'as if,' says Mr Sorby, 'they were minute animalcules swimming about and exploring every part of the cavities.' To the poet they were veritable prisoners; the frozen waters forming the crystal hold the liquid in bondage: '*Nymphæ, quæ tegitis cognato carcere Nymphas*' (O waters, who in kindred prison guard the waters).

Starting from one end of the cavity, the bubble describes a curvilinear course from side to side to the other end: in returning, a similar course cuts the other in many points. The wonderful thing is that this complicated double path thus traced out is always followed by the moving bubble. Here is a mystery which has not yet been satisfactorily explained. Why should the bubble thus oscillate from side to side and from end to end of its cavity? Above all, why should it always travel on the same line? It is no regular geometrical curve which is traced out, and the forward and return paths do not correspond in form. Truly, the more we contemplate these wonders, the more we are inclined to say, as Claudian said, '*Liquidi crescent miracula saxi*.' Other simpler movements of some of the bubbles may perhaps be explained as the result of alterations of temperature, acting on their sensitive equilibrium.

But what is the nature of these contained liquids? They have been shown to be water, liquid carbonic acid gas, and hydrocarbons: hydrochloric and sulphuric acids also occur. Those examined by Sir H. Davy contained nearly pure water.

Various delicate and beautiful methods of analysis have been devised for the determination of the microscopic quantities of liquid, but these must be passed over here. Let us note briefly some of the theoretical results obtained from the study of these cavities in the rocks. It is to be inferred, then, that the rocks containing them, if they have cooled down from igneous fusion, must have done so under great pressure. This pressure, in fact, must have been great enough to keep the contents of the cavities liquid at a temperature which under atmospheric pressure would have converted them into vapour. Of course this argument could not apply to lavas which have cooled at the surface; but it has been observed that in these the crystals containing cavities bear evidence of being derived. It is supposed that crystals from the granite mass below floated on the molten lava, before it was ejected from the volcano, without being fused. When the lava was poured out, the granite crystals came with it. This seems



to indicate that granite and lava are formed from the same subterranean reservoir; and thus the study of the cavities adds a fresh link to the chain of evidence which now leads geologists to consider granites, basalts, and lavas as produced from the same molten mass by diverse circumstances of cooling. The theory held by the older geologists not so very many years ago, that granite was the original first formed rock of the globe from which all others had been derived, is now exploded. Granites are known to be of all ages. With regard to granites, it is inferred that igneous fusion alone will not account for their formation: water has been present and played its part in the process.

Inferences have also been drawn from the quantity of liquid in the cavities as to the approximate depth at which certain granites have been formed. The expansion of the contained liquid at different temperatures being known, it can be calculated how great a pressure would be required to keep a certain quantity in the liquid state at a given temperature. This involves a careful estimation of the amount of liquid in a cavity. When their minute size is remembered—1,000,000,000 to 10,000,000,000 per cubic inch—the difficulties to be surmounted in obtaining the necessary data may be conceived.

First of all, the size of the cavity must be measured as accurately as possible; then, that of the bubble must be ascertained. The difference of these gives the amount of liquid. If, now, it is known, or can be estimated, at what temperature the rock was fused, it can be calculated what pressure was required to keep the liquid within the limits of the cavity. Such measurements and calculations have actually been made by Mr Sorby. The result thus arrived at is that many granites have been formed at depths of from five and a half to fifteen miles. Since many of the same rocks now appear at the surface, we are here furnished with fresh evidence, showing that strata many miles in thickness have been removed by denudation from the surface of the land.

Applying the tests to the granites of the Highlands and of Cornwall, it has been inferred that the former have originated at a greater depth than the latter. Considering the large possibilities of error in estimating the size of the microscopic cavities and bubbles, we shall probably be inclined to consider the results as but shadowy approximations; yet they may be accepted as pointing at least in the right direction. Professor Judd says: 'The grand conclusion that granite rocks could only have been formed under such great pressures as exist at great depths beneath the surface appears to be one not open to reasonable doubt.'

#### THE PIANO-ORGAN CASE.

'Yes, sir, I like to hear a piano-organ,' said Detective Sergeant Jones, leaning back in his chair, and having a far-off look in his eyes, as though he were gazing at a beautiful picture of the past. The sergeant was a well-set-up man of about fifty years of age, with a military look, and a pair of cavalry moustaches. 'I may say a piano-organ was the making of me,' said the detective, pursuing the thread of his remarks, suggested probably by the strains of one of those melodious

instruments, wafted on the breeze through the open window. He took a sip from his glass, and after a few puffs at his cigar, said: 'It's a long story; but if you would care to hear it, I'll give it to you.'

Receiving a ready response from me, the sergeant cleared his throat and began.

Some few years ago I was sent to examine a burglary job over Hampstead-way. The house, a small detached one, stood a little distance back from the road, and was surrounded with a large garden, enclosed by a low wall with iron railings on top. It was inhabited by a Mr and Miss Somers, quiet well-to-do people, who kept two women-servants. One of the windows on the ground-floor, opening into the garden at the rear, had been forced, and an entrance had been effected by the robbers. Some money and plate had been carried off; but the greatest loss was a valuable diamond necklace, which, apart from its worth, was a great grief to Miss Somers, as it had been her father's gift to her mother on their wedding-day. I had up the servants; but though I cross-questioned them pretty severely, I could tell from their manner that they had nothing to do with the business. They had been in the family for years, and were implicitly trusted by their mistress.

After they had left the room, and I had gathered all the information I could relative to the articles stolen, I was standing in the parlour, looking out of the window, when I heard the sound of wheels outside, and immediately after a piano-organ struck up. Where I stood, I had a good view of the road, but was hidden by a curtain from the notice of any one outside. The organ was being ground by a young Italian, with a great bushy head of black hair. Coming through the gate leading to the house was a young woman with fine dark eyes and a bold, determined, handsome face. She wore a white bodice, and a green velvet skirt, over which was a bright violet apron trimmed with yellow ribbon. A showy silk handkerchief was twisted in her hair; and in her ears were a pair of curious gold earrings of very large size, formed of hoops one within the other, and terminating in an elaborate drop.

On seeing Miss Somers, she smiled, showing a beautiful set of teeth; and holding out her hand, she waited in the garden, evidently expecting some money. Miss Somers shook her head; but as the woman didn't move off, she opened the window, and with more asperity than I should have thought her capable of, ordered the organ away. With a dark frown and a toss of her head, the Italian woman looked at the lady for a moment, then turning on her heel, strode out of the garden, banging the gate behind her. Taking hold of the strap, while the man caught up the handles, she moved away with the organ without a word.

Miss Somers threw herself in a chair, looking very shaken and upset, while her brother came to her side, seeming much concerned. After a little she broke out with: 'I shall have nothing more to say to that woman; she shall never sit to me again. I never saw such impertinence.'

This particular pair of Italians, it turned out,

were in the habit of coming two or three times a week to play; and lately, Miss Somers had made some water-colour sketches of the woman in her picturesque costume.

A few minutes after, I took my leave, promising to leave no stone unturned in the search for the stolen property. But though a large reward was offered for its recovery, no trace could be found, and so in course of time the affair came to be forgotten. This case happened in October.

In April, next year, I was again sent to the same neighbourhood, but more Hendon-way this time, to the house of an old bachelor, a retired civil-service clerk, living on a good pension, who resided in a lane near the green. The robbers in this instance were unsuccessful, having been disturbed before they had broken in. There were marks of a jemmy on one of the doors; but beyond this, no damage had been done.

The gentleman was very testy, being greatly excited by the attempt of the previous night. I tried to soothe him with the assurance that as the thieves had been frightened off, there was little fear of their trying his premises again; but not being able to calm him, I was thinking of going, when I heard the music of a piano-organ suddenly commence. The old gentleman was so highly strung, that the rattling noise was just the last straw. He jumped about like one demented, abused all street musicians in good round terms, and at last, his temper boiling over, he danced out of the house, and going up to the player, shook his fist in his face, and, in a voice hoarse with passion, ordered him off. A policeman coming up at that instant made short work of the matter by giving an unceremonious shove to the instrument and sending it away in double-quick time. After wishing the gentleman good-day, I walked briskly down the lane, and soon came up with the organ, which was being dragged by the identical pair of Italians I had seen the autumn before at Hampstead. It struck me as being a strange coincidence that these people should crop up on both of my professional visits to that part of the suburbs. Making inquiries in London, I discovered that they were man and wife—by name Carlo and Rosa Andrealotti, living near Eyre Street Hill, Hatton Garden. They were reputed to be very respectable, and were rather looked up to in the hive of a house in which they lodged, as they did not pig in with the other people at supper in the kitchen, but kept themselves in select reserve in their own apartment, a back-parlour. Their organ was their own, and was wheeled every night into their room for safety. As they were supposed to entertain dangerous republican notions, they were rather shunned by their fellow-lodgers. Still, nothing of a criminal character could be ascertained about them, so they were left alone by the police.

Another robbery occurring soon after in the same neighbourhood, I was sent on special duty to skulk about the district. You might not guess what disguise I adopted, sir. Well, I was dressed up like a chickweed and groundsel man, in a smock-frock, with a shaggy red wig on my head, and a rough beard to match. My clothes were appropriately ragged and my face dirty, and being furnished with a basket, I flatter myself I looked the part to perfection.

The next morning I started for Hendon, and being acquainted with the place, I got into the fields between there and Edgeware, and soon gathered some bunches of primroses, with which I filled my basket, and getting back among the houses, commenced to prowling about and offer my flowers for sale. After a long day's tramp without lighting on anything of consequence, I turned my face homeward and began my weary trudge back to town. When I got into the deep cut North End Road at Hampstead, I saw some people resting on the bank, but the shadow was so dark that I could not tell who they were till close upon them, when I at once recognised the Italians with the piano-organ. The young fellow was sitting in a dejected way, looking weakly at his wife, who seemed to be laying down the law pretty strongly, though, of course, I could not understand what she said. On my approach, she stopped short; and the man, evidently glad of the interruption, wished me good-night in broken English. I tried to get into conversation with him; but the woman appeared very unwilling to have anything to do with me, for she started up, and catching hold of the organ, with the help of her husband, who was quite under her thumb, commenced pulling away towards London at a rapid rate. As it did not fit in with my assumed character of an old flower-seller to be too spry in my motions, I was soon left behind.

A day or two after, as I was plodding along the road, I was passed by the same pair of musicians, and on my wishing the man good-morning, the woman as before went on, not saying anything to me. Several other times I met them either going or returning, and I was struck with their powers of endurance in dragging such a heavy load all those miles and up the long hills on the way.

One morning, coming from the fields with some cowslips, I came upon them outside a large substantial old house. The man was grinding away, and the woman was going in at the garden gate. I was in the act of lighting my short cutty pipe, when the man asked me for a match, though he didn't light up then, as not looking business-like, I suppose. Setting down my basket, I tried to have a little talk with him; but his English was so bad that I couldn't make out much of what he said. While I was at this game, the woman returned, and did not seem pleased to see us together. She looked sulkily at me under her black brows, and gave an impatient stamp with her foot upon the road, making one think what a handsome spitfire she was in her gay costume. Not wishing to be blown up by her, I shouldered my basket and moved away, leaving her rating her companion soundly. I could not imagine what made her take such a dislike to me, as I had always been civil.

For some time after this the district was not visited by burglars, and I was beginning to think of being recalled from my wearisome duty, when one morning before starting I was sent for to the office and instructed to go to Hendon in private clothes, as a house there had been broken into on the previous night.

On arriving, I found it to be the house in front of which I had given the organ-grinder the match and had aroused his wife's anger. A large garden,

shut in with a high wall, separated it from the road, while in the rear the grounds sloped down to the river Brent. The thieves had got into one of the bedrooms by means of a ladder from a neighbouring stackyard; and they had carried off a large booty, principally jewels. The robbery was not discovered till a late hour, when one of the maids going up to light the gas in the room, found the door locked on the inside. She at once gave the alarm; but the thieves had evidently taken their departure some time before, for no trace of them could be discovered, though a strict search was made all round.

I examined the place, and found the job had been done in a thoroughly workman-like manner, and was on the point of leaving with my report, when my eye caught the gleam of something bright under the window-curtain. Stooping down, I picked up a large foreign-looking earring, which I immediately recognised as one of those worn by the Italian woman with the piano-organ. This put me at once on the scent, and explained why my two friends so haunted the district. But the thing was to pounce upon them before they had any suspicion of being wanted; otherwise, there was little chance of recovering the jewels, for I made up my mind that it could be no other than they who had stolen the diamonds from Hampstead. I did not mention my find to the gentleman of the house, as one cannot be too cautious in these matters.

Knowing the Italians would be by this time on their round, I returned to town, and after a consultation with my superior, determined to drop upon my pair the next morning before they began business.

I don't know, sir, if you are acquainted with the Italian quarter near Hatton Garden. It's a queer place, chokeful of those black-haired ice-men, *pifferari* bagpipers, organ-grinders, and artists' models. The names on the shops are all foreign; the streets are crowded from morning till night, and the bright dresses of the women are in great contrast to the dingy houses.

When I made my way there early the following morning, accompanied by another officer, also in plain clothes, most of the inhabitants were already stirring, busy preparing for the day's campaign. Some were mixing their ice in tubs, stirring the mixture with great pieces of wood, and some were going off with their cargo complete. On reaching the house where my couple lodged, we were confronted in the doorway by a stout dirty-looking Italian who was the landlord—the *padrone*, I think they call him. We stated as our business that we wished to speak to Carlo Andreolotti. The fat man looked at us suspiciously, as though guessing something was wrong; but seeming not to wish to be uncivil, he tapped at the door of the back-parlour, and getting no answer, he tried the handle, but found the room locked, so told us Carlo must be out already on his round. Leaving another officer to watch the neighbourhood, we started on our search, hoping to overtake the musicians.

Finding, by inquiry of constables on the road, that they were before us on their usual route towards Hampstead, we hailed a cab, and presently saw our quarry jogging along with their organ through Kentish Town. We stopped the cab, and getting out, stepped up to the Italian, whom I

tapped on the shoulder, bringing him to a standstill. The woman at first appeared inclined to run; but on second thoughts, she remained quiet, putting on an air of injured innocence. We had no great difficulty in getting them to a police station, where I charged them with being concerned in the burglary at Hendon two nights before. The woman, who took it much more coolly than her husband, said we should all rue the insult put upon her, speaking in very decent English. I noticed that she wore another pair of earrings, which were much plainer and smaller than those I had always before seen her with. After the two were disposed of for the time, the piano-organ was wheeled into the station yard and locked up in a shed.

Getting a search-warrant, my friend and I went to the lodgings near Hatton Garden. The landlord at first demurred about letting us go into the room; but on showing our authority, he made no further bother. As the parlour was locked, we had to force open the door. The room into which we broke was a large old-fashioned apartment, very dirty, the ceiling black with age. There was little in it beside a deal table, decidedly in want of scrubbing, a couple of broken chairs, and in one corner of the floor a mattress and a blanket or two. We looked eagerly into a cupboard, but found only a few cups and basins, some macaroni in a dish, and a rusty old lamp. Though we examined the place thoroughly, we could find nothing else but dirt; so, terribly disappointed, we at last gave up the search.

On going out of the room, we were met in the passage by a crowd of Italians, who had evidently been looking through the keyhole during our hunt. They made way for us to pass, but kept up a chorus of what seemed to me uncomplimentary remarks.

When we got into the street I felt rather at a loss how to proceed, for I had only the earring and my suspicions to go upon, and was quite at sea as to the whereabouts of the jewels. Taking leave of my companion, as he had another engagement, I walked moodily and out of spirits to the police station where my Italians were locked up.

All at once it struck me that I might as well have a look at the piano-organ, so, getting the key of the shed from the inspector in charge, I proceeded to examine it. It was an ordinary-looking instrument on a low truck, with a box near the handles. This contained nothing of consequence, so I took off the waterproof cover and carefully inspected the case, but could find nothing unusual about it. I was shaking my head over my want of success, when I happened to notice that the green baize which covered the back was rather loose, and that some of the tacks which fastened it to the frame were missing. Something impelled me to look behind it; so, taking hold of one corner of the baize, I gave it a smart pull, and it came away easily from the woodwork for a foot or more from the bottom, exposing a deal panel. I rapped this with my knuckles, on which it gave out a hollow sound; so, going on my knees, to get more readily at it, I pulled out a knife, and commenced prising at the panel. At that moment the inspector came into the shed, and seeing me busy, asked if I had found anything. I succeeded at length in wrenching off the piece of wood on

which I was working, and disclosed a space between it and the real back of the organ. Wheeling the instrument to the light in the doorway, the inspector and I looked inquisitively into the cavity, and discovered a small parcel wrapped in a handkerchief. With trembling hands I unfolded this, and also a piece of cotton-wool inside, and disclosed a number of brooches, rings, and bracelets, evidently of great value, and a diamond necklace, which I knew from description to be the one stolen from Hampstead.

This lucky find did the business for the Italians, who were committed for trial at the next sessions. When the day came and the case began, it was astonishing to note the difference in the bearing of the two prisoners. The woman looked defiantly about her, while her husband appeared quite crushed. At the close of the speech for the prosecution he broke down altogether, and then and there made a full confession, throwing all the blame on his wife. He said they had committed the robberies with which they were charged, but that he acted completely under his wife's direction, as she planned the affairs, and was foremost in carrying them out. They had arranged, as soon as the last business had blown over, to dispose of the jewelry abroad, and afterwards to settle down quietly in Italy. Of course the confession made it no lighter for the man, and both the prisoners were sentenced to a long term of penal servitude.

I came in for a good deal of praise for my share in the matter, and, what was much better for me, got promoted. Though, as a member of the force, I was not entitled to claim the reward offered for the recovery of the diamonds, yet Miss Somers was so delighted to get them back, that she made me a handsome present. Ever since then, I've had a liking for piano-organs.

#### A SUBMARINE BRIDGE.

A proposal recently brought forward by Herr Rudolf Lilljeqvist, a Swedish engineer, for effecting permanent railway communication between Sweden and Copenhagen, merits some notice, as introducing a new mode—never as yet, however, put to the test of actual experience—of carrying a line beneath the sea.

The distance between Elsinore and Helsingborg is about two and a half miles; and the passage is frequently blocked in winter by ice preventing navigation. The cost of an ordinary bridge, which would of necessity have to be carried sufficiently high above sea-level to offer no impediment to vessels, would be prohibitive in a country but sparsely populated and of limited financial resources; whilst the additional strength requisite in the piers to withstand damage to the structure from the floating blocks of ice would add very materially to the estimates.

The proposal put forward is to construct an ordinary girder-bridge of one hundred feet spans, and sink it to such a depth that ample room is left for vessels of the greatest draught to sail over it; the bridge being encased in cylindrical tubes, which exclude the water; the outer skin of the tube being of iron, that inside of steel, the space between being filled with concrete. The tubes enclosing the bridge are to be carried on ordinary caisson piers filled with concrete and spaced

one hundred feet apart, pontoons similar to those so successfully employed in the construction of the Tay Bridge being adopted for founding.

The bridge, which is to carry a single line of railway, with foundation and encasing tubes, but exclusive of the land approaches, is estimated to cost about three-quarters of a million sterling.

The scheme may be described as an ingenious compromise between an ordinary bridge and a tunnel; and it is claimed that it combines the advantages of each, whilst avoiding the attendant drawbacks to the construction, and heavy outlay involved in the execution of either in this particular case.

The general idea, it may be added, is not altogether novel, and has previously been mooted; indeed, some years back a similar method of passing under the Thames was proposed and commenced, some lengths of the encasing tube being actually put in hand. The project, however, was abandoned, owing, it is understood, to financial difficulties, and has never been resuscitated.

#### THE DIAL'S SHADOW.

Go, Cupid; say to her I love  
That roses fall and time is fleeting.  
I watch the dial's shadow move,  
And wait—and wait—to give her greeting.  
For youth is sunshine on the dial,  
And love is but an old, old story;  
The years may dance with lute and viol—  
The shadow moves—so ends their glory!

Go, Cupid, beckon with your wing,  
That sweetest chance may wait her hither;  
For we must woo, remembering  
How fast the roses fall and wither.  
And oft the dial long ago,  
The pavement sunk with mossy edges,  
Saw Youth and Love meet all aglow,  
And whisper by the old yew-hedges.

Go, Cupid, tell the maid I prize  
How many in the courtyard wandered,  
What laughing lips and witching eyes,  
In love's delight their beauty squandered!  
The ruffs, brocade, and buckled shoes,  
How softly down the paths they pattered  
With gallants gay in old-world hues,  
When crowns and kingdoms little mattered.

Go, Cupid, sleep; your cheek is pale;  
And we can woo among the sages;  
Romance is but a weary tale  
Monotonous from all the ages.

My heart! She comes from yonder door;  
And time and shadows flit for ever;  
Why, there was never youth before,  
And love like ours, oh, never—never!

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